

"Isn't Quay a silent man?"  
 "Yes, he believes in letting money talk."  
*Chatter.*



## THE SUNDAY UNION.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 10, 1890.

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Office, Third Street, between J and K.

THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.

Published six days in each week, with Double Sheet on Saturdays, and

THE SUNDAY UNION.

Published every Sunday morning, making a

splendid extra-day paper.

For one year, \$5.00

For six months, \$3.00

For three months, \$1.50

Subscribers served by Carriers at FIFTEEN

cents per week. In all other cities and towns

the paper can be had of the principal Periodicals

Dealers, Newsman and Agents.

The SUNDAY UNION is served by Carriers at

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per month.

THE WEEKLY UNION.

In the cheapest and most desirable Home, News

and Literary Journal, published on the Pacific

coast, the WEEKLY UNION is sent to every

subscriber for the WEEKLY UNION.

Terms for one year, \$2.00

The WEEKLY UNION alone per year, \$1.50

The SUNDAY UNION alone per year, \$1.00

All these publications are sent either by Mail

or Express, as agents or single subscribers, with

charges prepaid. All Postmasters are agents.

The Best Advertising Medium on the Pacific

Coast.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sacramento as

second-class matter.

THE RECORD-UNION, SUNDAY UNION and

WEEKLY UNION are the only papers on the

West, outside of San Francisco, that receive

the full Associated Press dispatches from all

parts of the world. Outside of San Francisco,

they have no competitors either in influence or

reach and general circulation throughout the

State.

The readers of the RECORD-UNION leaving the

city for the heated term can have the paper sent

to their address for 65 cents per month, postage

prepaid.

THE experiment of electing a woman

President of a synagogue is being tried by

a Parisian congregation. It will succeed

probably as long as the congregation has a

good representation of controlling men in

it; but if they relax their supervision

look out for a revolution among the women

and the speedy deposition of the female

President.

THE debt of the United States is steadily

decreasing; the public debt in Canada

is enormously increasing. Perhaps an

anxiety-stricken may find in this fact new

reason for advocacy of their cause. In 1867,

when the Dominion was established, the

per capita of the debt was \$22, and in the

United States \$42. Now in the Canada

it is \$48, and in the United States \$15.

THE Atlanta Constitution's boycott

scheme has failed already. It should not

have projected it until the electoral bill

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very thing that they have been so long

trying to do, and to bring them to the

doing of which all the boud agitation of the

spring was worked up.

If Truette McLaughlin is correctly

reported as saying that "he does not regard

it as right to absorb the \$100,000 for the

benefit of one section of the city more than

another," and if by that he means that the

extension improvement of I street is for the

benefit of the I street section only, then

he is grievously mistaken, for that

improvement will far more benefit all the

region below Twelfth street and south to

R street than it will the region from

Twelfth or Thirteenth street eastward."

If the Trustee means by his quoted ex-

pression to be understood as favoring

spreading the \$100,000 butter over a slice

of bread large enough to cover the whole

city, then he will favor a policy that will

use such results as will be scarcely

tangible.

Even if the improvement of two streets

to the east boundary takes from the city

fund \$47,000, it means the expenditure by

property-owners on those streets of \$145,-

100, and will leave \$52,900 in the bond

fund to aid in stimulating other street

work, a good deal of which is now in

progress.

We submit that the result will be pre-

cisely what the people intend—that is to

say, they will expend \$300,000, and of

that expenditure enough shall be put upon

two thoroughfares to the east bounds of

the city to insure open gates the year

round.

It is to be hoped that the Trustee will

not, by his objections, strike a fatal blow

at the spirit of improvement now so thor-

oughly aroused.

AMBITIOUS WEALTH.

Calvin Brice, a citizen of New York,

elected to the United States Senate from

Ohio, by means all too common in the

election of United States Senators, has

purchased the Indianapolis Sentinel, the

leading daily journal of the city of Indi-

anapolis, Indiana. Mr. Brice owns his

wealth to the great trust known as the

Standard Oil Company, and he is ambi-

tious to be President of the United States.

We are slowly evolving an aristocracy in

America. In addition to marrying the

rich daughters of our country to the titled

nobility of Europe, there appears to be a

rage for official distinction on the part of

the possessors of great wealth. We re-

gard Calvin Brice as a very formidable

candidate for the Presidency. Politics is

fast becoming a trade in the United States.

It is an occupation in which great fortunes

are amassed. It was recently clearly

shown that Christopher A. Buckley, a

local boss, had amassed a fortune of \$600,-

000. In the accomplishment of this task,

he has far outstripped the great mass of

those engaged in the legitimate and hon-

orable professions of the country. It may

be safely said that no physician in

America, out of his practice, has accumu-

lated that amount of money. There are

instances of lawyers who have become

millionaires in their practice, but the in-

stances are extremely rare. Political

bossism in America is rapidly rising to the

position of a distinct profession, and the

rewards of skill in this new field of pro-

fessional activity are rapidly becoming

almost fabulous. There is scarcely a vil-

lage or town in America without its boss,

who makes politics and the distribution of

the honors and emoluments of office a pro-

fession, and it is rapidly becoming very

lucrative. Now the profits of the boss

business are necessarily large in propor-

tion to the ambition of wealth. A candi-

date worth \$50,000,000, aspiring to a

United States Senatorship, or the Presi-

dency, is able to pay a good sum of money

to the professional politician.

There is absolutely nothing in a campaign

to the man whose only recommendation is

his statesmanship, his talent, or his

character. For what are these to the

men who make a living in politics? We

hold in our minds three candidates for the

Presidency of the United States, the first

worth \$100,000, and willing to spend

half that sum for the satisfaction of his

ambition; the other two worth from

\$40,000,000 to \$70,000,000, and willing to

invest a sum in the prosecution of a suc-

cessful campaign equal to the entire rev-

enue of this nation when the Constitution

was adopted. Mr. Brice has acquired a

great fortune, great even in this day of

colossal fortunes. He seeks official distinction.

The possession of great wealth

appears to be rapidly becoming an ex-

citant to the desire for power, and since,

in a republican government, power re-

sides in the acquisition of great office,

millionaires appear to jostle each other

in their race for official distinction.

In the better days of the Republic

the great standard of qualification was. Is

he capable? Is he honest? This is the

only standard possible, consistent with

democratic conceptions. The govern-

ment of a democracy should be committed

to the hands of wisdom, honesty and

capability. Whenever it leaves this chan-

nel, the places of distinction will be

monopolized entirely by the rich and since

all the avenues of distinction will be closed

to all except those possessed of great wealth

it is easy to foresee the spectacle which

will be presented. Talent will be absorbed

in the accumulation of wealth, and wealth

will be engaged in the achievement of

political distinction.

THE DECOLLATE DRESS.

Let no woman say that man is woman's

## ALMOST OUTLIVED.

Hartman was by no means a bad man.

Youth, love and opportunity made him a

criminal. That pocket-book full of bank

bills had been left in the counting-room.

There was no one present, and the young

man had thoughtlessly seized it.

All that happened more than four years

ago.

Strange that no suspicion had fallen on

him. It is true, he enjoyed the confidence

and favor of his employer, but also a hap-

py chance had a good deal to do with it.

It happened that just at that time an offi-

boy had been detected in some misdemeanor

and forced to leave.

Naturally, of course, he was suspected of

having committed the theft likewise.

An able young lawyer had been retained

to investigate the case, and he was not a

little chagrined at his failure to discover

the perpetrator of the crime.

Hartman experienced a moment of re-

lief, but only a moment, as a burden of

doubt seemed to weigh on him.

Might not some one else be found?

Might not some other occurrence throw light

on the matter? The torture lasted for four

horrible years. The very thought that

the perspiration start on his forehead

in the cold days.

Why did he not invent some pretext of

going abroad? He was often on the point

of doing so, but the fear of arousing sus-

picion by any irregularity of conduct pre-

vented him from putting this idea in ex-

ecution. So he lived on with this threat-

ening specter ever before his eyes, unable

to dispel it or hide himself from it.

The other day he would not even to

himself use a more definite expression—"

I am in jail for my wrong doing; do

they suffer more? They are deprived of

freedom, indeed; but how has fallen here?

By upon them with the sentence of the

Court; but afterwards there is peace

around and within them."

To accuse himself? That would be

foolish. Chance had favored him; why

should he not continue to do so?

So more hoping, more trembling.

Hartman had become by his misde-

meanor, strange as it may seem, a dilettante

in matters of law. He had furnished himself







